

Starman: Season 1 by orphan_account

Series: [Starman](#) [1]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-08-10

Updated: 2018-08-17

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:27:34

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 3

Words: 5,687

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

An alien boy, and a boy from Earth, what could go wrong...

1. The Vanishing of Jane Ives

November 7, 1982
Hawkins, North Dakota

"Something is coming. Something hungry for blood." Mike says dramatically.

"A shadow grows on the wall behind you, swallowing you in darkness. It is almost here."

"What is it?" Jane asks.

"What if it's the Demogorgon?" Dustin asks.

"Oh, Jesus, we're so screwed if it's the Demogorgon."

"It's not the Demogorgon," Lucas argues.

"An army of troglodytes charge into the chamber!" Mike announces, slamming the board.

"Troglodytes?" Dustin asks incredulously.

"Told ya." Lucas teased.

"Wait a minute..." Mike says softly.

"Do you hear that? That... that sound? Boom... boom... BOOM!" Mike yells, slamming the table, everyone flinching.

"That didn't come from the troglodytes. No, that... that came from something else."

Mike suddenly slams a figure on the table. It's-

"THE DEMOGORGON!" Mike announced, causing them to groan.

"We're in deep shit." Dustin groaned.

"Jane, your action?!" Mike asks Jane.

"I don't know!"

"Fireball him!" Lucas yelled.

"I'd have to roll a 13 or higher!"

"Too risky. Cast a protection spell." Dustin argued.

"Don't be a pussy. Fireball him!"

"Cast Protection."

"The Demogorgon is tired of your silly human bickering!" Mike interrupts, causing them to shut up.

"It stomps towards you. Boom!"

"Fireball him!"

"Another stomp, boom!"

"Cast Protection."

"He roars in anger!"

The boys are yelling all at once and Jane is unable to decide.

She rolls the dice and yells, "Fireball!"

However, the dice falls on the floor.

"Oh shit!"

"Where'd it go?" Lucas asks.

"Where is it?"

"I don't know!" Jane exclaims.

"Is it a 13?" Dustin asks.

"I don't know!"

"Where is it?"

"Oh, my god!" Dustin panics.

"Mike!"

"Can you find it yet?" Lucas asks.

"Mike!"

"No, I can't find it!"

"Mike!"

Mike looks up, and sees his mom standing on the stairs leading to the basement.

"Mom, we're in the middle of a campaign!"

"You mean the end? Fifteen after."

"Oh my god! Freaking idiot!" Lucas yells.

"Why do we have to go?" Jane groans.

Mike goes up the stairs, to try and talk his mom into giving them a couple more minutes.

"Oh, I got it!" Jane exclaims.

"Does the seven count?"

"It was a seven? Did Mike see it?" Lucas asks.

Jane shakes her head.

"Then it doesn't count."

The three of them put on their jackets.

"Hey guys, does anyone want this?" Dustin asks, holding the pizza box.

"No." They both say.

Dustin walks up the stairs.

"No, I don't think... yeah, he's cute."

Dustin waves.

"Barb, no, I don't think so. Barb, you're not-"

"Hey, Nancy," Dustin says catching her attention.

"There's a slice left if you want it."

Her eyes dart to the curly-haired boy.

"Sausage and pepperoni!"

"Hold on," she says before getting off the bed.

Dustin smiles at her as she walks to the door.

She then slams it in his face.

"There's something wrong with your sister," Dustin says to Mike when he walks outside.

"What are you talking about?"

"She's got a stick up her butt," Dustin says.

"Yeah. It's because she's dating that douchebag, Steve Harrington." Lucas says.

"Yeah, she's turning into a real jerk," Dustin says as they all got on their bikes.

"She's always been a real jerk," Mike argued.

"Nuh-uh, she used to be cool. Like the time she dressed like an elf for our Elder tree campaign."

"Four years ago!" Mike called.

"Just saying!" Dustin calls.

"Later," Lucas says as he rides off.

"Goodnight ladies," Lucas says as he gets to his house.

"Kiss your mom 'night for me," Dustin says.

"That's weird. I don't see her."

"I'm telling you, her mom's right. She probably just went to class early again." Lucas says, walking with the group.

"Yeah, she's always paranoid Gursky's gonna give her another pop quiz." Dustin laughs.

"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. Step right up and get your tickets for the freak show. Who do you think would make more money in a freak show?"

Troy walks up to the group.

"Midnight, Frogface or Toothless?" he asks, hitting the each of them on the shoulder.

"I go with Toothless." James says, mimicking Dustin's slur.

"I told you a million times, my teeth are coming in. It's called cleidocranial dysplasia." Dustin says, clearly getting tired of explaining his birth defect.

"I told you a million times." James continues to mimic.

"Do the arm thing."

"Do it, freak!"

Dustin sighs, removing his jacket.

He stretched out his arms, making them pop.

The boys groan, wincing.

"God it gets me every time," Troy says, pushing them aside.

"Assholes." Lucas hisses.

Mike sighs, turning to Dustin.

"I think it's kinda cool. It's like you have superpowers or something," he says.

"Like Mr. Fantastic."

"Yeah, except I can't fight evil with it," he says.

The bell rings, ending class.

"Remember, finish chapter 12 and answer 12.3 on the difference between an experiment and other forms of science investigation. This will be on the test, which will cover chapters 10 through 12. It will be multiple choice with an essay section." Mr. Clarke says, trailing off in the end when he notices no one was listening or caring.

He turns to see the three kids standing excitedly at his desk, grinning ear to ear.

"So, did it come?" Mike asks.

Mr. Clarke sighs.

"Sorry, boys. I hate to be the bearer of bad news but... it came."

The three kids opened the door to the AV room.

"Yes!" Mike exclaims.

"The Heathkit ham shack." Mr. Clarke says. "Ain't she a beaut?"

"I bet you can talk to New York on this thing."

"Think bigger." Mr. Clarke says.

"California?" Lucas asks.

"Bigger."

"Australia?"

Mr. Clarke nods.

"Oh, man! When Jane sees this, she's totally going to blow her shit." Lucas exclaims.

"Lucas!"

"Sorry."

Dustin chuckles as they turn it on, Mike leaning into the microphone.

"Hello, this is Mike Wheeler, president of Hawkins Middle AV Club." He says in a terrible Australian accent.

Dustin grabs the headphones from Mike's head, putting them on.

"What are you doing?" Lucas chuckles.

"Hello, this is Dustin, the secretary and treasurer of Hawkins Middle AV Club. Do you eat kangaroos for breakfast?" Dustin asks, Lucas grabs the headphones for his turn.

They hear a knock on the door, causing the three kids to turn.

"Sorry to interrupt, but, uh, may I borrow Michael, Lucas and Dustin?"

"Okay, okay, okay. One at a time all right? You." Chief Hopper says to Mike causing him to nod.

"You said she takes what?"

"Mirkwood," he answers.

"Mirkwood?"

"Yeah," Mike says.

"Have you ever heard of Mirkwood?"

"I have not. That sounds made up to me." The cop next to him says.

"No, it's from Lord of the Rings," Lucas says, causing Dustin to look at him.

"Well, The Hobbit." He argues.

"It doesn't matter."

"He asked!" Dustin argues.

"He asked!" Lucas mocks.

"Hey, hey, hey!"

"What'd I just say? One at a damn time. You."

"Mirkwood, it's a real road. It's just the name that's made up." Mike explains.

"It's where Cornwallis and Kerley meet." Lucas continues.

"Yeah, all right, I think I know that-"

"We can show you if you want." Mike offers.

"I said that I know it!"

"We can help look," Mike says.

"Yeah."

"No," Hopper says, looking at all of them.

The three kids start clamoring, demanding they help.

"No. After school, you are all to go home. Immediately. That means no biking around looking for your friend, no investigating, no nonsense. This isn't some Lord of the Rings book."

"The Hobbit." Dustin corrects.

"Shut up!" Lucas says, hitting Dustin on the knee.

"Hey!"

"Stop it!"

"Do I make myself clear?"

Chief Hopper gets up, glaring at the three kids.

"Do I make myself... clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yeah."

"We should be out there right now. We should be helping look for her." Mike argues.

"We've been over this, Mike. The Chief says--"

"I don't care what the Chief said." Mike says.

"Michael!"

"We have to something. Jane could be in danger."

"More reason to stay put."

"Mom!"

"End of discussion," she says, causing Mike to huff in anger.

"So... me and Barbara are gonna study at her house tonight. That's cool, right?" Nancy says, looking at her mom.

"No, not cool."

"What? Why not?"

"Why do you think? Am I speaking Chinese in this house? Until we know Jane is okay, no one leaves."

"This is such bullshit."

"Language."

"So, we're under house arrest? Just because Mike's friend got lost on the way home from-"

"Wait, this is Jane's fault?" Mike asked angrily.

"Nancy, take that back." Mrs. Wheeler warned.

"No!"

"You're just pissed off 'cause you wanna hang out with Steve," Mike calls her out.

"Steve?"

"Who's Steve?"

"Her new boyfriend," Mike says.

"You're such a douchebag Mike!" Nancy yells.

"Language!"

Nancy rolls her eyes and leaves the table.

"Nancy, come back. Come back."

Mrs. Wheeler sighs and comforts Holly, who seems to almost break into tears.

"You see, Michael? You see what happens?"

"What happens with what? I'm the only one acting normal here! I'm the only one who cares about Jane!" Mike yells.

"That is really unfair, son. We care."

Mike has had enough, getting up and leaving to the basement.

"Mike!"

"Let him go."

"Lucas, do you copy? It's Mike. Lucas?"

"Hey, it's Lucas."

"I know it's you. And say 'over' when you're done talking so I know when you're done. Over."

"I'm done. Over." Lucas replies back sarcastically.

"I'm worried about Jane. Over." Mike says.

He hears Lucas sigh.

"Yeah. This is crazy. Over."

"I was thinking... Jane could've cast Protection last night, but she didn't. She cast Fireball. Over." Mike continues.

"What's your point? Over."

"My point is... she could've played it safe, but she didn't. She put herself in danger to help the party. Over."

Lucas hesitates before answering.

"Meet me in 10. Over and out."

The two of them slide their antennas down and Mike takes supplies from the basement, shoving them in his backpack.

He leaves through the basement, grabbing his bike and leaving the house.

But Mike turns to see Steve Harrington getting to Nancy's window.

Mike notices and rolls his eyes.

The boys had caught up with Mike, riding their bikes to Mirkwood.

"Ah, man. This is it." Lucas says, causing all of them to stop.

They get off of their bikes, Dustin looking up when thunder is heard.

"You guys. You feel that? I think maybe we should go back."

"No. We're not going back. Just stay close." Mike says, putting his bike aside.

"Just stay on channel six. Don't do anything stupid." Mike calls as Lucas follows behind him.

"Hey, guys! Wait up! Wait up!"

"Jane!"

"Jane!"

"Ives!"

"I've got your X-Men 134! Guys, I really think we should turn back," Dustin says.

"Seriously, Dustin? You wanna be a baby, then go home already."

"I'm just being realistic, Lucas." Dustin argues.

"No, you're just being a big sissy!"

"Did you ever think Jane went missing because she ran into something bad? And we're going to the exact same spot where she was last seen? And we have no weapons or anything?" Dustin asked.

"Dustin, shut up," Mike says.

"I'm just saying, does that seem smart to you?"

"Shut up. Shut up. Did you guys hear that?"

There's rustling, causing all of them to gasp.

There's more rustling, causing them to turn their flashlights and see.

A kid their age in a huge yellow t-shirt shivering and breathing heavily.

2. The Alien on Maple Street

They were all back at Mike's house, surrounding the boy that had on Mike's jacket and was sitting on the couch in the basement.

"Is there a number we can call for your parents?" Mike asked, looking genuinely worried.

"Where's your hair? Do you have cancer?" Dustin asks.

"Did you run away?" Lucas asks.

"Are you in some kind of trouble?" Mike asks.

"Is that blood?"

Lucas reaches out to touch the red stain on his shirt.

Mike hit his arm back.

"Stop it! You're freaking him out!"

"He's freaking me out!"

"I bet he's deaf."

Dustin claps loudly, causing the boy to flinch.

"Not deaf."

"All right, that's enough, all right? He's just scared and cold." Mike says, leaving to get some clothes.

When thunder rumbles loudly, he gasps, flinching.

"Here, these are clean. Okay?" Mike says, handing him a sweatshirt and a pair of sweatpants.

He takes them, rubbing his face on them comfortingly.

He puts them aside, taking off the jacket Mike gave him and reaches to pull off the shirt.

"No, no, no!" Mike exclaims, keeping the shirt down as Lucas and Dustin look away.

"Oh my god. Oh my god." Dustin exclaims.

"See over there? Th-That's the bathroom. Privacy. Get it?" Mike says, looking at the boy.

The boy grabs the clothes Mike gave him and walks to the bathroom.

Once he enter the bathroom, Mike closes the door when the boy turns around and stops him.

"You don't want it closed?" Mike asks.

"No."

"Oh, so you can speak. Okay, well..." Mike trails off.

"How about we just keep the door..." Mike says, closing the door until it is open just a crack.

"Just like this," Mike says.

"That better?" Mike asks.

"Yes."

Mike nods, smiling at him.

"This is mental." Dustin sighs.

"At least he can talk." Mike defends him.

"He said 'no' and 'yes'. Your three-year-old sister says more." Lucas argues.

"He tried to get naked," Dustin says.

"There's something seriously wrong with him. Like wrong in the head." Lucas says.

"He just went like..." Dustin says, motioning with his hands what the boy was doing, making his hat fall off.

"I bet he escaped from Pennhurst," Lucas says.

"From where?" Mike asks.

"The nuthouse in Kerley County."

"You got a lot of family there?" Dustin asks.

"Bite me." Lucas threatens.

"Seriously though, think about it. That would explain his shaved hair and why he's so crazy."

"Why he went like..." Dustin says, motioning what the boy did again.

"He's an escapee is the point. He's probably a psycho."

"Like Michael Myers," Dustin suggests.

"Exactly! We should've never brought him here."

"So you just wanted to leave him out in that storm?" Mike asks.

"Yes! We went out to find Jane, not another problem."

"I think we should tell your mom," Dustin suggests.

"Who's crazy now?" Mike says.

"How is that crazy?"

"We weren't supposed to be out tonight, remember?" Mike exclaims.

"So?"

"So, if I tell my mom, and she tells your mom and your mom..."

"Oh, man." Dustin groans.

"Our houses become Alcatraz," Lucas mutters.

"Exactly! We'll never find Jane." Mike says.

"All right, here's the plan. He sleeps here tonight." Mike says.

"You're letting him-"

"Just listen! In the morning, he sneaks around my house and goes to the front door and rings my doorbell. My mom will answer and know exactly what to do. She'll send him back to Pennhurst or wherever he comes from. We'll be totally in the clear. And tomorrow night, we go back out. And this time, we find Jane." Mike says.

Mike hands the boy blankets and pillows for him to sleep on as well as his sleeping bag in a fort he's made for him.

"Hey, um, I never asked your name," Mike says.

The boy looks at Mike before revealing his arm, that has W on it.

"Is that real?" Mike asks, reaching over to touch it.

He flinches away, making Mike look up at him.

"Sorry, I've just... never seen a kid with a tattoo before," Mike says, smiling sheepishly.

"What's it mean? W?" Mike asks.

"William."

"That's your name?" Mike asks.

He nods.

"William. Okay. Well, my name's Mike, short for Michael."

"Maybe we can call you Will, short for William," Mike suggests.

William nods, agreeing to it.

"Um, well, okay. Night, Will."

"Night, Mike."

Mike pulls up the blanket that's covering the fort and finds William playing with Mike's supercom.

"Hey, you found my supercom. Pretty cool huh?" Mike says, smiling at him.

"I talk to my friends with it. Mostly Lucas 'cause he lives so close. Signal's pretty weak."

William looks at Mike who pulls an Eggo out of his pocket and hands it to him.

"Got you breakfast." He says.

"So listen, this is gonna sound a little weird, but I just need you to go out there. Then go to the front door and ring the doorbell. My mom will answer and you'll tell her that you're lost and that you need help. But whatever you do, you can't tell her about last night or that you know us. Understand? It's actually no big deal really, we'll just pretend to meet each other again. And my mom, she'll know who to call." Mike assures him.

"No."

"No?" Mike asks, confused.

William shakes his head.

"No."

"No... you don't want my mom to get help?"

William looks back up at Mike, shaking his head.

"You're in trouble, aren't you?" Mike asks quietly.

"Who... who are you in trouble with?" Mike asks.

William looks scared, as if what he might say will put them in

danger.

"Bad." He whispers.

"Bad? Bad people?" Mike asks.

William nods.

"They want to hurt you?" Mike asks.

"The bad people?"

Then William does something unpredictable.

He makes a gun with his hand and points it at himself, then Mike.

"Understand?"

"Michael, where are you? We're going to be late. Let's go!"

"All right, I'll be back. Just stay here, okay? Stay here."

At school, Dustin and Lucas sit at their desks.

"Oh, this is weird," Dustin says, looking over to see the empty seat next to him and Lucas.

"He's never this late."

"I'm telling you, his stupid plan failed," Lucas says, rolling his eyes.

"I thought you liked his plan."

"Yeah, but obviously it was stupid, or he'd be here."

"If his mom found out a boy spent the night-" Dustin says, imagining the worse.

"They'll figure out that's he's queer."

"Hey, what if he slept naked?"

"Oh my God, he didn't."

"Oh, if Mrs. Wheeler tells my parents..." Dustin groans.

"No way. Mike would never rat us out."

"I don't know."

"All that matters is, after school, the freak will be back in the loony bin, and we can focus on what really matters, finding Jane."

Mrs. Wheeler's car drives past, Mike waits till it's clear before he rides back to his house.

"You want anything to drink?" Mike asks William who is following him around the house.

"We have OJ, skim milk... what else?"

William heads into the living room, looking at the TV.

Mike turns and smiles as William looks in confusion at the TV.

"Oh, this is my living room."

"It's mostly just for watching TV. Nice right? It's 22-inch. That's like ten times bigger than Dustin's."

William walks up to the family pictures, looking at one of Holly.

"Cute." He smiles.

"Yeah she is."

"That's baby Holly, and that's my sister Nancy, and those are my parents," Mike says as William goes through each of the pictures.

"What are your parents like?" Mike asks, not getting an answer.

"Do they live close?"

William stays quiet, now interested in the chair.

"That's our La-Z-Boy," Mike says.

"It's where my dad sleeps. You can try it if you want?" Mike asks.

William sits on the chair.

"Just trust me, okay?"

William nods, tensing for what is about to happen.

Suddenly, the chair goes back, causing William to gasp.

Mike chuckles while William laughs nervously.

"See? Fun, right?" Mike says, grinning at William who is smiling at him.

Mike sets it back up, William watching him carefully.

"Now you try," Mike says, smiling at him.

William leans and pulls the handle, causing the chair to go back.

Mike laughs while William giggles softly.

Mike slams the Yoda figure on the table, grunting weirdly.

"Ready are you? What knows you of ready?" he mimics.

"His name's Yoda," Mike says, holding the figure.

"He can use the Force to move things with his mind, like this," Mike says, pushing the toys off the board.

William is uninterested and looks over to see Mike's trophies.

"Oh, this is my dinosaur, Rory. Look he has a speaker in his mouth so

he can roar."

The dinosaur roars.

Mike gets up, walking over to William who is looking at his trophies.

"Oh, these are all my science fair trophies," Mike says.

"We got first every year."

"Well, except for last year when we got third. Mr. Clarke said it was totally political."

William stares at a picture of the boys.

Mike notices that he's staring at the picture, causing him to glance at it.

He's pointing at Jane.

"You know Jane?" Mike asks.

"Did you see her? Last night? On the road?" Mike asks.

No answer.

The two turn when they hear a vehicle approaching.

Mike walks up to the window, seeing his mother's car pulling up in the driveway.

"We gotta go," Mike says, grabbing William's hand.

"I bought pizza and macaroni." Mrs. Wheeler says, opening the door, causing Mike and William to freeze.

Mike pulls William back up the stairs, knowing that he was screwed.

"Ted? Is that you?"

"Just me, Mom!"

"Mike? What're you doing home?"

"One second!" Mike yells.

He pulls William back into his room and opens the closet.

"In here. I'll be right back, okay? Please, you have to get in, or my mom, she'll find you."

William hesitates.

"I won't tell her about you. I cross my heart." Mike reassures him.

"Cross your heart?"

"It means promise, and that's something you can't break. Ever."

"Michael?"

"Please?" Mike whispers.

William sighs, deciding to brave his fear to stay hidden.

He walks into the closet, freezing when Mike closes the door.

William gasps, breathing shakily.

"I just... I don't feel good." Mike lies.

"I woke up and my head, it really hurt bad, and my throat was all scratchy, and I wanted to tell you, but the last time I told you I was sick, you made me go to school anyway, and-"

"Michael."

"Yeah?"

"I'm not mad at you."

"No?"

"No, of course not. All this that's been going on with Jane, I can't imagine what's it been like for you. I just... I want you to feel like you

can talk to me." Mrs. Wheeler says, making Mike look at her.

"I never want you to feel like you have to hide anything from me. I'm here for you. Okay?"

Mike nods.

A thud is heard from upstairs.

"Is there someone else here?"

"No."

Mike rushes to his room, closing the door and locking it.

"William? Is everything okay? Will?"

Mike opens the closet door, and sees William sitting, his knees pulled to his chest, crying.

"Mike."

"Is everything okay?" Mike asks.

William nods.

"Are you sure?" Mike asks.

William nods, smiling weakly.

"Cross my heart."

Lucas and Dustin stare at William who is sitting on Mike's bed.

"Are you out of your mind?"

"Just listen," Mike says.

"You are out of your mind!"

"He knows about Jane," Mike says.

"What do you mean he knows about Jane?" Dustin asks him.

Mike walks over to the picture William pointed to and holds it up.

"He pointed at her, at her picture," he says.

"He knew she was missing. I could tell."

"You could tell?"

"Just think about it. Do you really think it was a coincidence that we found him on Mirkwood, the same place Jane disappeared?" Mike asks.

"That is weird," Dustin admits.

"And he said bad people are after him." Mike continues.

"We think maybe these bad people are the same ones that took Jane," Mike says.

"I think he knows what happened to her."

"Then why doesn't he tell us?" Lucas asks.

He glares at him, walking towards him.

"Do you know where she is?"

No answer.

Lucas grabs his shoulders, William's eyes widening in shock and fear.

"Do you know where Jane is?!" he yells at him.

"Stop it! You're scaring him!" Mike yells.

"He should be scared!" Lucas yells back.

"If you know where she is, tell us!"

William looks as if he is about to cry, Lucas.

"This is nuts! We have to take him to your mom."

"No! William said telling any adult would put us in danger." Mike says.

"What kind of danger?" Dustin asked.

"Danger, danger!" Mike answers.

"No, no, no! We're going back to plan A. We're telling your mom."

Lucas opens the door, only for it to slam shut.

Confused, he opens it again for it to slam shut again, this time, the lock turning.

Shocked, the three turn to see William, blood trickling from his nose.

"No."

William is playing with Mike's supercom, changing the channel.

"Will?"

He looks up to see Mike walk in with the others, Mike holding a tray.

"No adults. Just us and some ice cream." Mike says, setting the tray down.

William looks up to see Dustin and Lucas watching him.

"Don't worry. They won't tell anyone about you. They promise. Right?" Mike says, looking at them.

"We never would've upset you if we knew you had superpowers," Dustin says, causing Mike to smack his leg.

"Ow!"

"What Dustin is trying to say is that they were just scared... earlier. That's all." Mike says.

"We just wanted to find our friend," Lucas says.

"Friend?" William asks, confused.

"Yeah, friend. Jane?"

"What is 'friend'?"

"Is he serious?" Lucas asks.

"Uh, a friend-"

"Is someone you'd do anything for." Mike interrupts, looking at William.

"You lend them your cool stuff, like comic books and trading cards," Dustin adds.

"And they never break a promise." Mike continues.

"Especially when there's spit."

"Spit?"

"A spit swear means..."

Lucas spits into his hand and grabs Dustin's hand.

"You never break your word. It's a bond."

"That's super important, because friends...they tell each other things. Things parents don't know."

William walks up to the board where they play Dungeons and Dragons.

He sits where Mike sits when they're playing.

"What's the weirdo doing?" Lucas asks.

William closes his eyes.

"Will?" Mike asks.

William opens his eyes and takes the figure that Jane uses for DnD.

"Jane."

"Superpowers," Dustin says.

Lucas looks at Dustin and shakes his head.

Mike sits in the chair to William's left, looking at him.

"Did you see her? On Mirkwood?" he asks.

"Do you know where she is?"

William looks to Mike and then back at the board.

He pushes away all the pieces except for Jane's piece and another one.

He flips the board over and places Jane's piece on it.

"I don't understand," Mike says.

"Hiding."

"Jane is hiding?" Mike asks.

William nods.

"From the bad men?" Mike asks, causing William to shake his head.

"Then from who?" Mike asks.

William gets the Demogorgon piece and places it on the board.

3. Holly, Jolly

William is playing with Mike's supercom again while Mike, Lucas and Dustin talk about how they're going to get Operation Mirkwood going.

"We just tell our parents we have AV Club after school. That'll give us at least a few hours for Operation Mirkwood."

"You seriously think that the weirdo knows where Will is?" Lucas asks.

"Just trust me on this, okay?" Mike asks.

"Okay."

"Did you get the supplies?"

"Yeah. Binoculars... from Korea. Army knife... also from Korea. Hammer, camouflage bandana... and the wrist rocket."

"You're gonna take out the Demogorgon with a slingshot?" Dustin asks.

"First of all, it's a wrist rocket. And second of all, the Demogorgon's not real. It's made up. But if there is something out there, I'm gonna shoot it in the eye..."

He pulls it, causing the two to flinch.

"And blind it."

Mike sighs.

"Dustin, what did you get?"

Dustin empties his backpack, which is full of snacks and junk food.

"Alrighty. So we've got... Nutty Bars, Bazooka, Pez, Smarties, Pringles, Nilla Wafers, apple, banana, and trail mix."

"Seriously?" Lucas asks.

"We need energy for our travels. For stamina. Besides, why do we even need weapons anyways? We have him."

"He shut one door!" Lucas argues.

"With his mind!" Dustin exclaims.

"Are you kidding me? That's insane! Imagine all the other cool stuff he could do."

He looks up thinking of something.

"Like..."

He grabs a toy spaceship, bringing it over.

"I bet... he could make this fly!"

He turns to William.

"Hey. Hey. Okay, concentrate. Okay?"

He drops it, nothing happens.

"Ok, one more time. Okay. Use your powers, okay?"

William looks at Dustin with a blank face as he drops it again.

"Idiot."

Mike sighs, walking over to pick up the spaceship.

"He's not a dog!" he defends William.

"Boys! Time for school!"

"Just stay down here. Don't make any noise, and don't leave." Mike tells William.

"If you get hungry, eat Dustin's snacks, okay?"

"Michael!"

"COMING!" He yells.

"You know those power lines?" Mike asks.

"Power lines?"

"Yeah. The ones behind my house?" Mike asks him, causing William to nod.

"Yes."

"Meet us there, after school."

"After school?"

"Yeah, 3:15."

William looks confused.

"Ah," Mike says, taking off his watch, and placing it on William's wrist.

"When the number read three-one-five, meet us there," Mike tells him.

"Three-one-five," William says, looking at the watch.

"Three-one-five." Mike repeats.

William smiles.

The boys are looking around for rocks.

"How about this one?" Mike asks Dustin.

"Too big for the sling."

"So, do you think William was born with his powers, like the X-Men, or do you think he acquired them, like... like Spider-Man?" Dustin

asks.

"He's not a superhero. He's a freak." Lucas says.

"Why does that matter? The X-Men are freaks." Mike defends him.

"If you love him so much, why don't you marry him?" Lucas asks.

"What are you talking about?"

"Mike, seriously?"

"What?" Mike asks, completely oblivious.

"You look at him all, like..."

Lucas looks down then back up, imitating Mike's face when he looks at William.

"Hi, Will! Will! Will! Will! I love you so much!" Lucas mocks Mike, hugging him.

"Would you marry me?"

"Shut up, Lucas."

"Yeah, shut up, Lucas."

The laughing stops as they turned to see Troy and James walking up to them.

"What are you losers doing back here?"

"Probably looking for their missing friend."

"That's not funny. It's serious. She's in danger." Dustin says.

"I hate to break it to you, Toothless, but she's not in danger. She's dead. That's what my dad says. He said she was probably killed by some other dyke." Troy says, laughing.

"Come on. Just ignore them."

They walk past before Mike gets tripped by Troy, his chin hitting a rock.

"Watch where you're going, Frogface."

"You alright?"

"Yeah."

Dustin sighs before looking down and getting a rock.

"Hey. How about this one?"

Mike grins.

"Yeah," he says, chuckling.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, this is it," Mike says, handing it to Lucas.

"Oh, yeah," Lucas says, holding it up.

"Three-one-five. Three-one-five. Three-one-five."

He paces around, looking at the watch when he hears a bark.

He looks to see a dog, his eyes widening, breathing heavily.

He furrows his eyebrows, his lips trembling as his mind flashes back to when he had failed to complete an experiment where he had to hurt a dog.

He was supposed to be punished for it, but he killed one of the bad men that were locking him in the room that he absolutely hated.

Apparently what he did pleased his 'Mama' and he wasn't forced to be in the room.

"Will!"

He turns to see Mike, Dustin and Lucas coming up with their bikes.

"You okay?" Mike asks, walking closer to him with his bike.

He nods, reassuring Mike.

Mike pats his seat, looking at him.

"Hop on. We only have a few hours."

He walks towards Mike, getting on his bike.

He holds onto his jacket, holding on tightly as they ride off.

"Why did they hurt you?"

Mike looks at William, surprised by his question.

"What?"

William points at his chin.

"Oh, that. Uh... I just fell at recess."

"Mike..."

"Yeah?"

"Friends don't lie."

Mike hesitates before sighing.

"I was tripped by this mouthbreather Troy okay?"

"Mouthbreather?"

"Yeah, you know... a dumb person. A knucklehead."

"Knucklehead?"

"I don't know why I just didn't tell you. Everyone at school knows. I

just didn't want you to think I was such a wastoid, you know?"

"Mike..."

"Yeah?" He asks, looking at him.

"I understand," he says.

"Oh," Mike says.

"Okay, cool,"

"Cool," William says, smiling.

"Here."

"Yeah, this is where Jane lives," Mike says.

William looks at him, wanting him to understand.

"Hiding."

"No, no, this is where she lives," Mike says.

"What are we doing here?" Lucas asks.

"He's said she's hiding here," Mike tells him.

"Um... no!"

"I swear, if we walked all the way out here for nothing-" Dustin exclaims.

"That's exactly what we did! I told you this jackass didn't know what the hell he was talking about!" Lucas exclaims.

Mike turns to him, his expression serious.

"Why did you bring us here?"

William stammers.

"Mike, don't waste your time with him."

"What do you want to do then?"

"Call the cops, like we should have done yesterday."

"We are NOT calling the cops!"

"Hey, guys?" Dustin calls.

"What other choice do we have?"

"Guys!" Dustin yells.

Sirens are being heard.

"Jane..." Mike says.

They end up at the quarry and hide behind a fire truck.

They all look in horror as a girl's body is pulled from the water.

"It's not Jane. It can't be." Mike says.

"It's Jane. It's really Jane." Lucas says.

"Mike..." Williams whispers, reaching out to him.

He slaps his arm down, glaring at him.

"Mike? 'Mike', what? You were supposed to help us find her alive. You said she was alive! Why did you lie to us?! What's the matter with you?! What is the matter with you?!" Mike exclaims, his eyes watering.

"Mike..."

"What?"

Mike raises his eyebrows at William before turning away.

"Mike, come on. Don't do this, man. Mike..." Lucas says.

"Mike, where are you going? Mike!" Dustin calls.

They watch as he grabs his bike, gets on and rides away.